Safety Net - I'll be fine, we have to save her

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by reid_simp

Summary

"Will, look at me. Just for a second, okay? Look at me." Despite his absolute fear, every instinct telling him to keep fighting, he looks up at her. Lets her in. "I know this is really hard, okay? I know it's awful, but you need to listen to me and trust me. I wouldn't lie to you, okay? I would never lie to you."

- Alana arrives later to Hannibal's house in Mizumono, to see Will, Jack and Abigail, collapsed and bleeding, Hannibal nowhere to be seen. Abigail is too far gone, but Will won't accept it, fraying from reality, shattering like a teacup.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will doesn’t hear Alana arrive, because all he can hear is Hannibal’s words over and over. There’s blood everywhere. Everywhere he can see. It's in his beard and he’d freak out but he can’t even think about it, because he can’t think about anything other than holding as much blood inside Abigail as he can.

He can’t hear Alana come in, but when she’s hovering next to him, trying to pull his hands off Abigail’s throat. But Will’s trying to show her that she’s clearly alive. Her eyes were open and the last time he checked, her pulse was beating. Her eyes are open so she must be alive.

“Will, Will, she’s gone. She's gone.” She’s trying to pull his hands off and hold them in hers. He used to be quite strong, but everything changed after the encephalitis, after the mental hospital. He lost himself emotionally and physically, and Alana can pry his hands away and push all of their hands against his stomach.

God, he’d almost forgotten about that.

“No, no, no. I'll be fine, I think he severed her jugular, so we have to call the EMTs so they can fix her. I'll be fine. We have to save her.” He’s pushing back against her restraints. She won’t relent. She's pushing harder against his wound and he’s so fucking close to passing out, but he can’t because Alana won’t let him save Abigail.

“Will, look at me. Just for a second, okay? Look at me.” Despite his absolute fear, every instinct telling him to keep fighting, he looks up at her. Lets her in. “I know this is really hard, okay? I know it’s awful, but you need to listen to me and trust me. I wouldn’t lie to you, okay? I would never lie to you.”

He nods, and it makes him dizzier. He's lost a lot of blood. He blinks heavily and she pushes harder on his stomach, making him wince but waking him up slightly. “Abigail is gone, okay? I need to call EMTs, but I need to know that when I let go of your hands, you won’t go back to her, yeah? She's gone. I know you don’t want to believe it, because you only just got her back, but she’s gone. And I don’t want to lose you too, okay? I need to keep you alive, so promise me if I take my hands off you, you’ll keep yours there.”

Will nods again. He doesn’t believe her. He can’t possibly believe her. But she couldn’t possibly be lying. She wouldn’t lie about this; she doesn't lie to him.

A rational part of his brain reminds him that he’s lost too much blood to really be questioning trust, because the only way he could possibly survive is by trusting Alana. And he always trusted Alana.

But she believed he was a killer. She didn’t believe Hannibal was a killer, preferred to think he could be, no matter how unconscious. And she believed he was a killer again, with Freddie Lounds. Can he really trust her?

Before he can even question it, Alana is pulling her hands away from his stomach, and blood gushes faster. Will, despite himself, keeps his hands on himself, pushing. In a second, Alana is pulling off her coat and passing it to him to use for pressure and he, on autopilot, survival

mode, takes it. He pushes it against himself despite every instinct telling him to go back to Abigail.

Will can hear Alana on the phone, frantically giving addresses, and she makes sure they know how important him and Jack are. She's not telling them about Abigail. They won't send enough ambulances, will they? How can they treat her if they don't know she's here?

"And A-Abi- Abigail. M...Me and Jack a-and Abigail."

Alana looks conflicted, but nods, saying something Will doesn't even hear into the phone.

Her conflicted face is the last thing he sees before he passes out in a pile of his own blood.

When he wakes up, the hand holding his isn't Abigail's. His eyes slowly open, head turning to the left to see Alana. She looks tired.

"Will? Will, it's so good to see you awake. How are you feeling?" Will doesn't respond. He feels so lightheaded. Alana naturally feels the need to fill the silence. "I've been looking after the dogs when I haven't been here. Otherwise they've been with Belle. We've been taking shifts with who's at the hospital." She pauses. "God, Will. We've been awfully worried."

"Where's Abigail?" His throat is dry but he has to know. Last he remembers he was trying to keep her alive.

Alana takes a moment, choking on a sob. "I'm so sorry, Will. God, I'm so sorry."

Will can't breathe. In reality he knows he can, but he's absolutely sure, in this moment, he can't breathe. He's stopped functioning, and time has stopped. He's looking in Alana's eyes and there, in her wet eyes, are the truth. She doesn't need to say for him to understand.

He kept her alive all this time. Killed her without a second thought.

His last thought before exhaustion pulls him back under.

End Notes

I tried to do whumptober last year, and i don't think i even wrote one, so don't count on this being much of a success.
i'm not sticking to one fandom either, but i mean i've just been introduced to Hannibal so it'll probably be quite heavy on that.

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